In fearefull ſenſe. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?

Sailor. A meſſenger from the Galley.

Du. Now, the buſineſſe?

Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here, to the ſtate.

Du. How ſay you by this change?

1 *Sena.* This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon---
'Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cypreſſe* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it.

Du. And in all confidence, hee's not for *Rhodes*.

Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2. Meſſenger.*

Meſ. The *Ottamites*, reuerend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted with an after fleete
Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterine
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance.
Their purpoſes towards *Cypreſſe*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.

Du. 'Tis certaine then for *Cypreſſe*,
Marcus Luccicos is not here in Towne.

1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.

Du. Write from vs, wiſh him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant *Moore*.

Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemie *Ottaman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lacke't ſo counſell, and your helpe to night,

Bra.

Bra. So did I yours, good your G
Neither my place, nor ought I heard
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor do
Take any hold of me, for my partic
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing n
That it engluts and ſwallowes othe
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.

Du. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter, O my daugh

All. Dead?

Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and c
By ſpels and medicines, bought of
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
Saunce witchcraft could not.

Du. Who ere he be, that in this
Hath thus beguild your daughter o
And you of her, the bloody booke
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitt
After its owne ſenſe, tho our proper
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your G
Here is the man, this Moore, whom
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part ca

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, graue, and re
My very noble and approoued goo
That I haue tane away this old ma
It is moſt true: true, I haue married
The very head and front of my offe
Hath this extent no more. Rude a
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſ
Till now ſome nine Moones waſte

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)